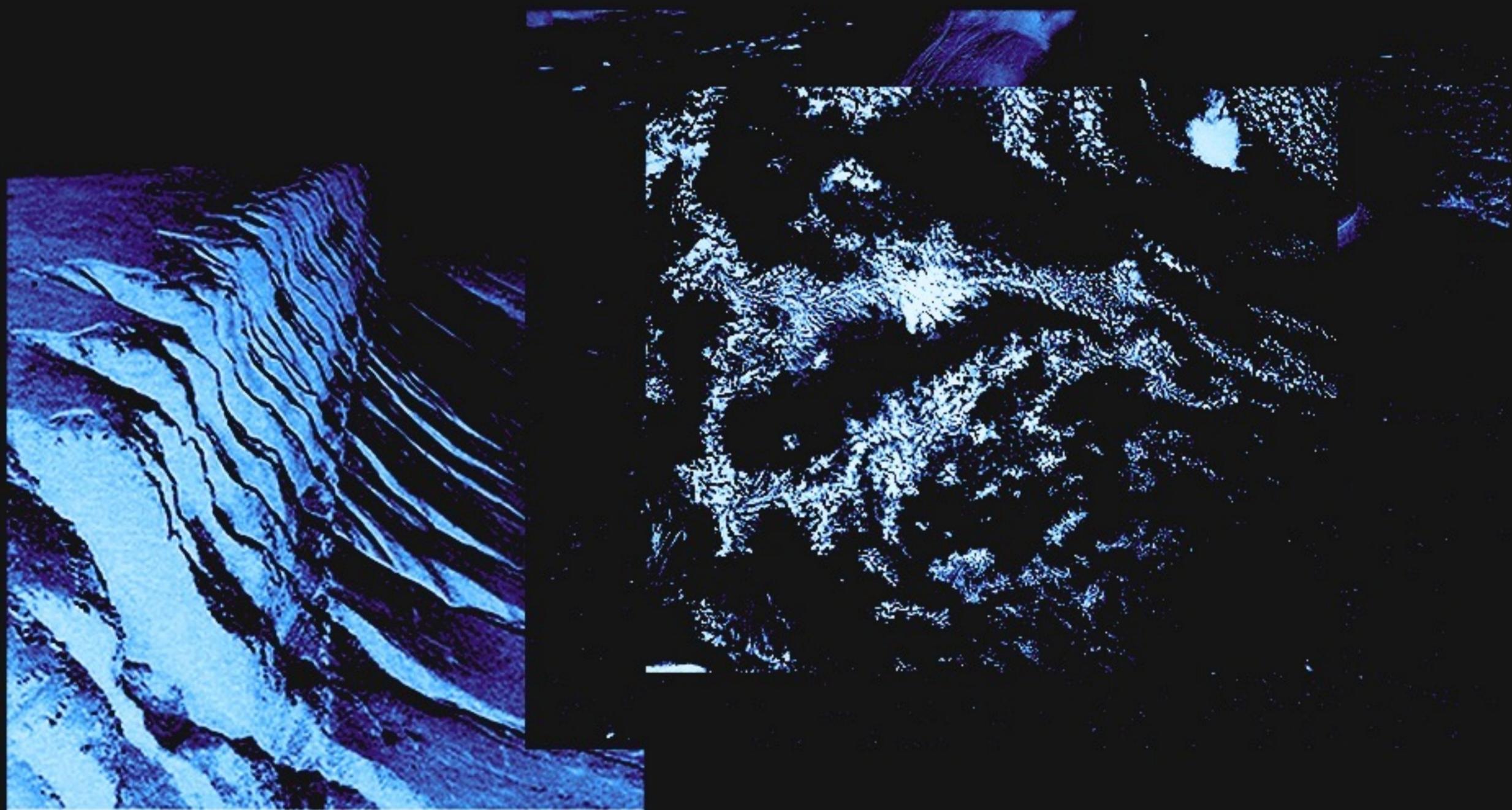


Her name is Wound. Rain bites acidic at bare skin, her camp at the edge of town slow sliding into infirm soil. Serrated palms tremble above her, rust caught armatures creak. In the far distance- a dull hollow throb from vast machines, bleakly suturing horizon.

She shuffles back under tent cover.

Prays as great chains drag sun desperate past horizon. Landscape dissolves, shades from bruise to tar to pitch. Inside her tent, she's lighting candles, most short stubs, this far from home.



The morning, clouds pearly expanse, azure wounds, sun glimmering fishhooks. A dolphin rotting on the beach, mouth full of jellyfish, tumbling out like jewels in the serrated light. At your back the town, drawn up into an inverse metal wavecrest. Sawgrass gagged by drifts of white.

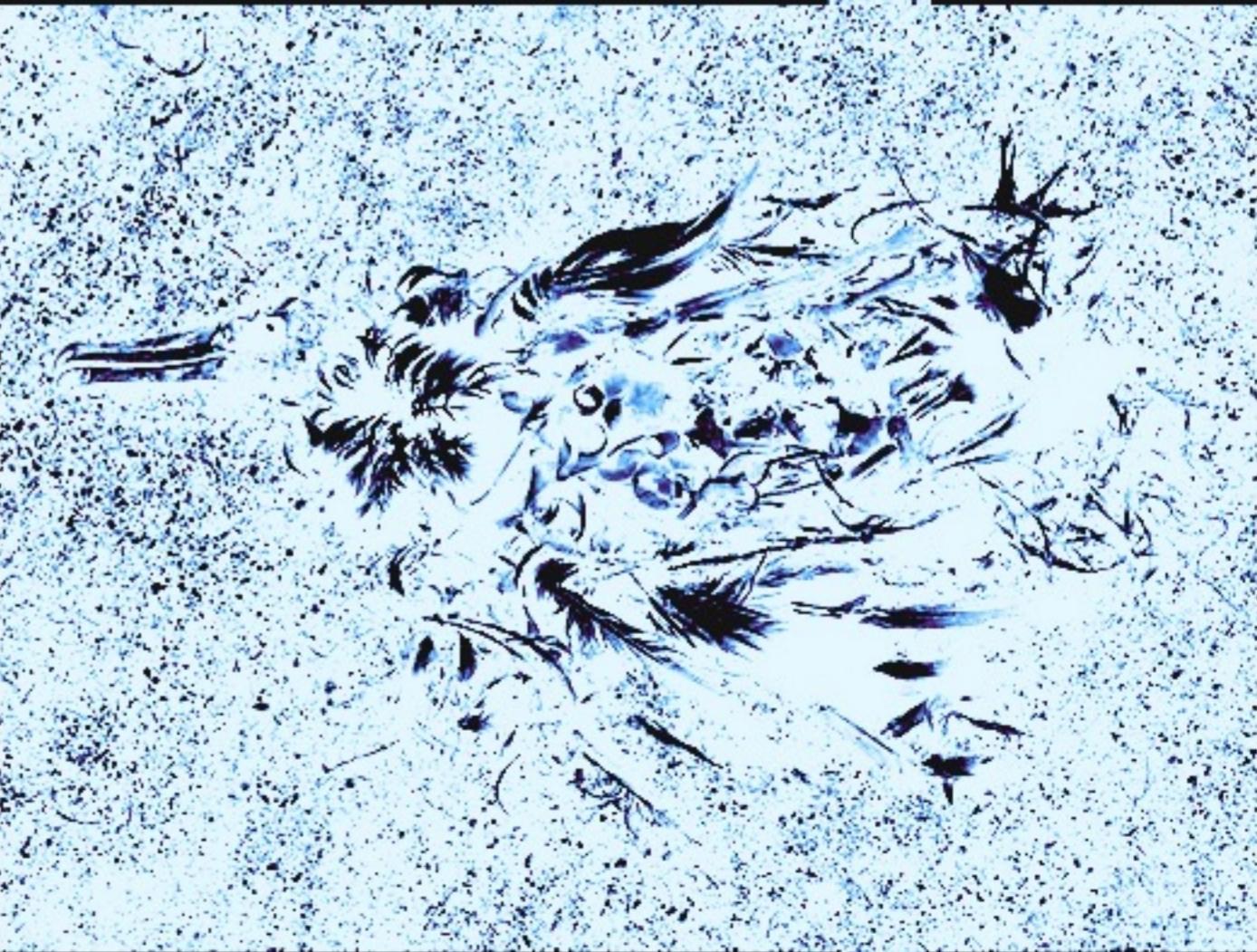
Wavedrone slow coerces the rock/pebble/sand  
to leg spread corrosion

Ecstatic in degradation to base forms  
Boots leave indents steady behind her  
Down the shore a home raised holy on  
glowing plexiglass pylon-legs, Her  
grip trembles on sheath.

She's been warned of magic.

A thousand sun splinters chuckling  
across the waveforms- each a small  
resistance subsumed to greater peace.  
Like her. Not many things can lay that claim.  
She passes small idols, offerings, plea/threat/warnings  
Circles drawn in sand glow softly-  
she gives wide berth.

A staircase coiled to tight spiral  
Steps rainbow glimmering float  
A cyclone of petals frozen allow  
Ascent to witch house.  
Notice below how pilings expand  
Claw-like through the dunes.  
Each step clink glimmer of sound  
Rise circling.

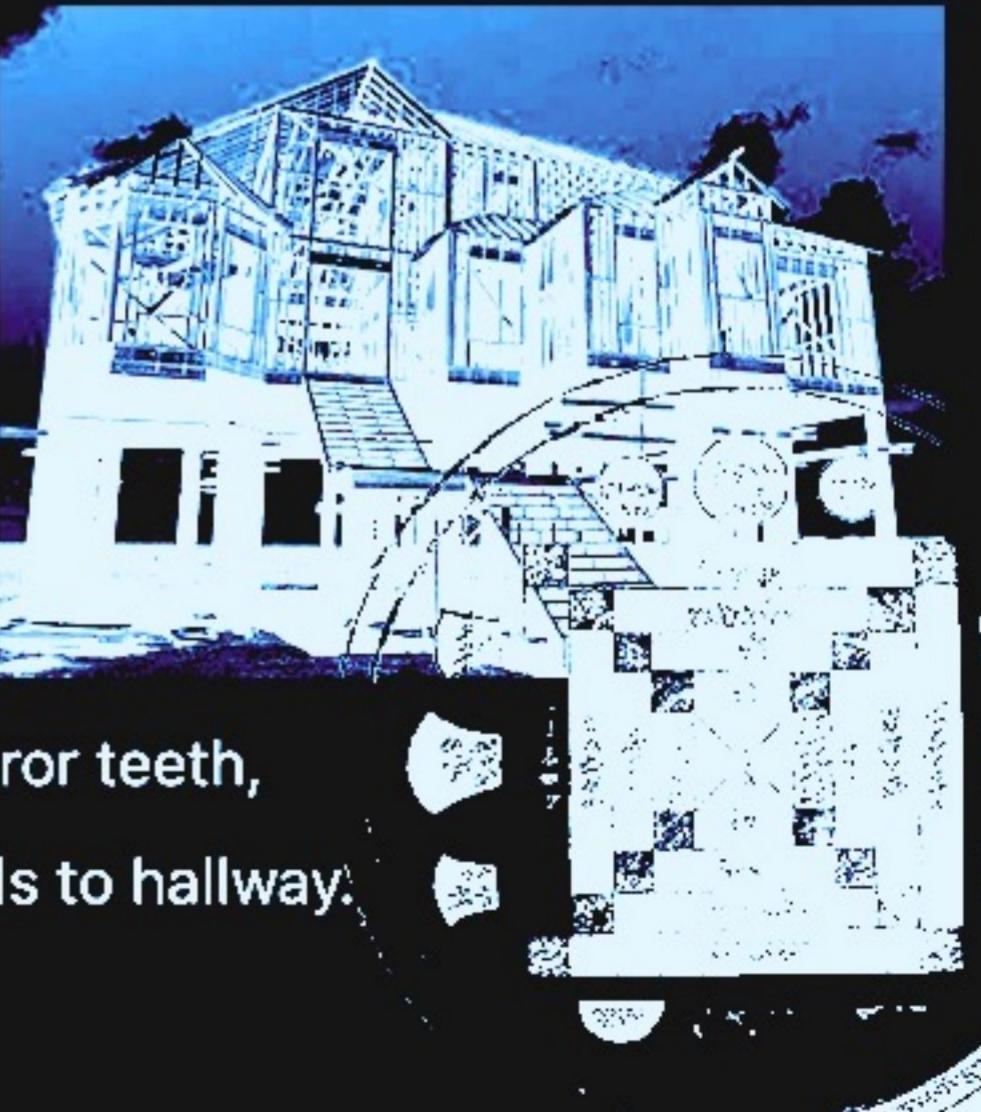




At entrance/beginning/throat  
heavy wood swings wide, inviting heat.  
wind at her back insistent.

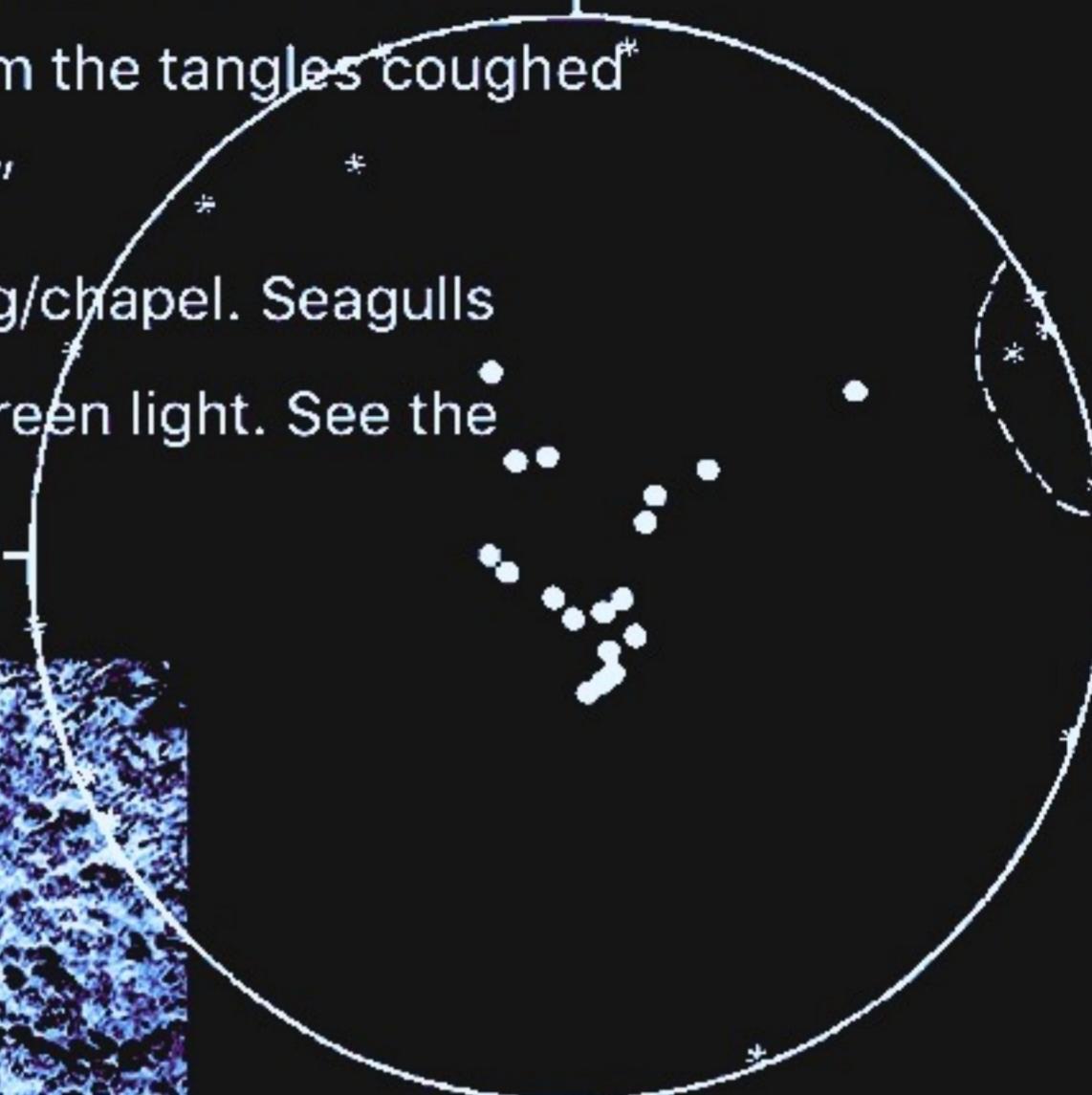
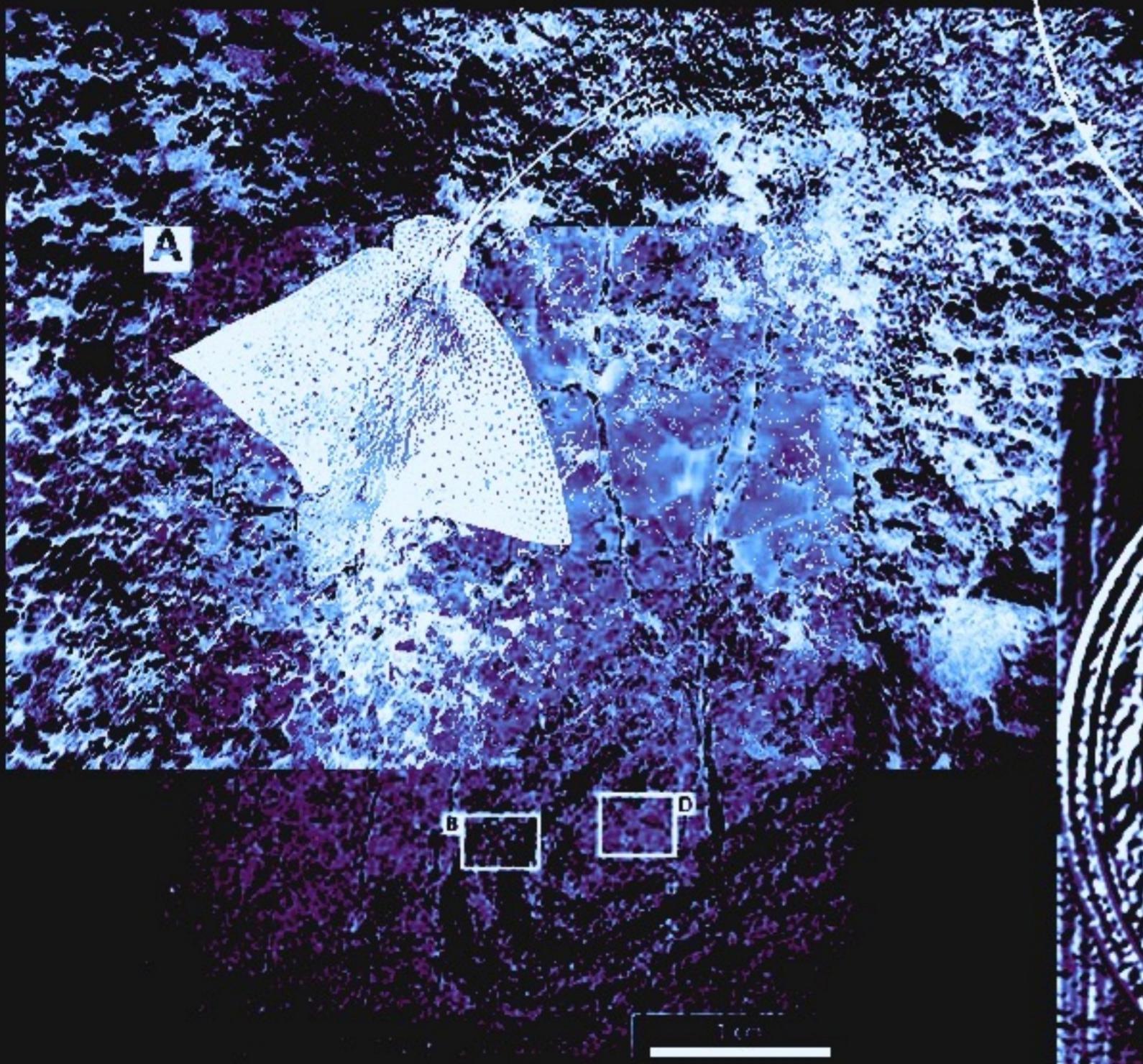
Voice like bowed glass-  
"I coated tongues in salt, to better lick my wounds  
Yet still they sent you" an antechamber lined with mirror teeth,  
Catch flitting motion through them. A single arch leads to hallway.  
Say prayer.

Against her chest, thump of  
amulets, chains, some glowing  
burnhot as she rises. Approach  
surely noticed. Lid flicker brings  
up ghostly imprints, glyphs curling  
incense through air. Glowing  
cages hang umbilical from house/  
womb. Empty. Or- Lid flicker  
banishes cages, now writhing  
plant forms bound hanging she  
passes as they reach trembling.  
Hand caresses pommel.



Hall contained on all sides by tremulous aquamarine glass, your body drowned in water light, dunes/waves, miles beneath. The voice is everywhere around you. "I sow my children from the tangles coughed up by tide. Can I be blamed for how they reap?"

Expelled from hallway into great cavernous lung/chapel. Seagulls hang static, winged chandeliers burning with green light. See the voices origin. Unsheathe your blade.



In that room. The witch- seething cyclone of pale drowned flesh.

Walls, porous lung-coral, screamed by harsh draughts of wind.

Witches' face a scaled expanse, corroded by gods breath.

Iris, pupil, carved out. Light blooming savage from twin boreholes.

Voice smoke swirling glyphs through the room. Blood blooming in water.

Anemone tendrils blossom from copper bangled wrists.

Matted shawl of oil clotted feathers, shining nacreous in the stained light.

Wounds' saber darting, finds little purchase. Then-

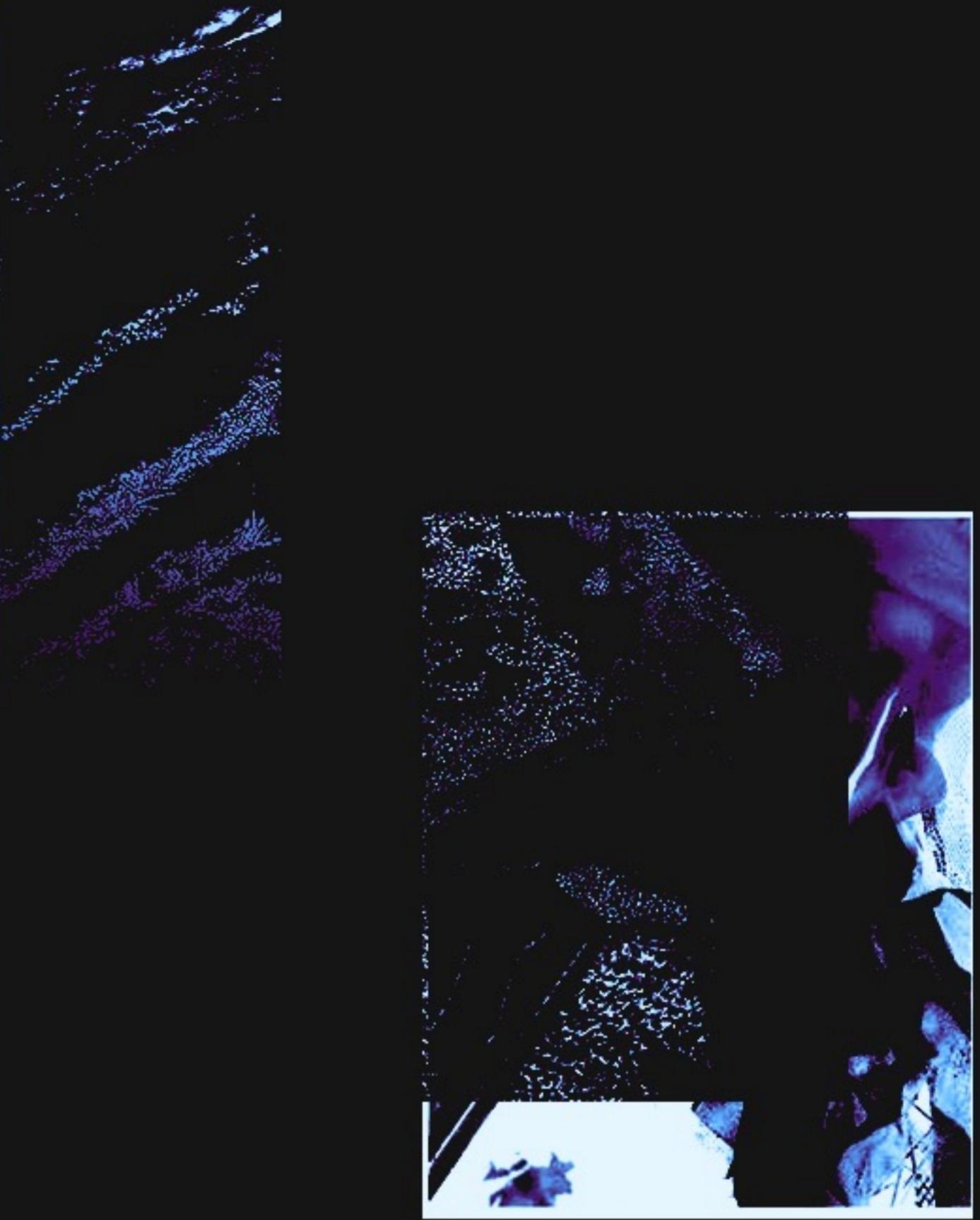


Ozonestrap pearl carved dagger

Flutters through her stomach

Leaves jagged rubyseep sigils

Airrushed vacancies embraced



Lichen teeth shine resplendent victory

Grit teeth gasp, cherry bright smear cross sleeve. Inside coat pocket grab  
reliquary/hope.

No time to aim. Marrow ignites

a bright whisper

sends silver bruised shells spiraling towards witchflesh

Sit vigil over dying witchsong.

Exhalations writhe through flotsam throat cathedrals,

stained broken-bottle glass larynx

glowing with the vent heat of rattling breath.

Words embalmed upon incanted lips, subsumed under dead fish tongue.

Witch house rots to ruin around you.

Will soon fall to the greed-licking waves.

Leave the corpse behind you.

Entrails oxidized holy.

From this I was born.

Brought forth from opal/womb,

From Mother-carcass, feasting

shoals of many-legged insects,

moving like wind-ruffled moss

I kill a greatvast sea-thing

Come to mourn my mother, my

Hands still sticky with her sap

Shave long thin curls of bone, I

Fasten them above the doorway.

In the air.

The doorway is all that's left.

